

# GOLD HILL DAILY NEWS.

VOL. I.

GOLD HILL, N. T., MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 12, 1863.

NO. 1.

## THE DAILY NEWS,

Is Published every Afternoon, (except Sunday), by

LYNCH & MUNDALL.

PHILIP LYNCH.

J. H. MUNDALL.

OFFICE—Brick Building on Main street, lately occupied by Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express, Gold Hill.

TERMS—  
One Year, by Mail or Express.....\$16  
Six months.....10  
Three months.....6

## THE DAILY NEWS

Is delivered in Gold Hill, Virginia, Silver City, and Dayton, at  
FIFTY CENTS A WEEK.

## AGENTS:

L. P. FISHER,.....San Francisco  
MR. LARRABEE, News Agent, Do.  
EDWARDS & CO.,.....Sacramento  
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## MY TALE,

And What Came of it.

I commenced to write a tale.

It was to be a thrilling tale—an awful tale—a blood-and-thunder tale—or worse, a to-be-continued tale.

It was called "The Copper Excavator"—a tale of Mexico, San Francisco, or some other "co."

I had all my characters created. My heroine was a lovely being—an angel, minus wings.

But she would wear her hair a foot down her back, in a half-bushed net.

And she had a photographic album.

My hero was a noble youth, of much muscle and a sinewy frame; born of poor but honest parents. He was "neat" with a sword.

"Shood! 'sdeath! and 'smurder! how he would cut and slash! Often, before breakfast, in a hand-to-hand combat, he had slain fourteen men and an old woman, with both hands tied behind his back!

And he could talk Dutch, too.

Then there was the "Copper Excavator," our heroine's male progenitor, who had the earth burrowed up for miles around, searching for copper; and who, when informed that his daughter held a warm place under her bodice for our hero, said he "couldn't see it."

And he could play old sledge hunk!

My tale also contained a band of robbers, the chief of whom could not be surpassed as a pilferer—with a few exceptions.

Filching-fingered Floyd is one of the "few exceptions."

Then I had a villain in disguise, who was rich, lived in a magnificent castle, and loved Ososweet, our heroine.

I also had other characters of lesser note—an old haggard hag, and a step-mother, and dukes, and servants, and poor and rich uncles, and—

And things!

The scene was located in Spaxxvihalwytovskit—a charming village in Mexico, San Francisco, or some other "co," as aforesaid. And everything was "serene."

I had wasted two nights and two pints of kerosene on the tale; and in that time the Copper Excavator had discovered several copper mines; my heroine had been carried off by the rich old villain; our hero had been overwhelmed and taken captive by the robbers, but not before he had "wiped out" a baker's dozen of the villains. After taking him prisoner, they carried him to a cliff which overlooked an abyss five hundred feet deep, then cruelly tied his hands and feet, and, without giving him time to say his prayers, pushed him over the cliff. He went down, down—his head striking the jutting rocks every few feet.

And here the third chapter ended—a sufficient portion for one week.

And now, Mr. Editor, comes the strangest part of all.

In getting the chapters ready for the second week, everything progressed favorably, until I came to a scene where my hero was to make his appearance, when, wonderful to relate, he was not to be found!

In falling over the precipice he had accidentally killed himself!

"That's what ailed him!" Fact!

Now, here was an unlooked for interruption. A tale without a hero! As well a jug and no braudy!

But if I had thought my hero couldn't be pitched over a precipice without damaging himself, I would have prevented the robbers from perpetrating the murderous act.

Or any other man!

But I wanted my tale to be exciting. And, moreover, don't other great authors have their heroes thrown into abysses thousands of feet deep, and into caves still deeper, and afterward bring them on the stage in their proper places?

A few.

I was on the point of abandoning my story in despair, when I was informed by a moral and highly intelligent contraband that my defunct hero had a twin brother, and that they so closely resembled each other you couldn't tell "t'other from which." It is related, that when both were small, if one committed an act of disobedience deserving punishment, and if the mother would leave the room to procure the "old shoe" to spank him, when she returned she couldn't distinguish the offender, and would wallop both to get the right one!

But pardon the digression.

I at once accepted the twin brother as my dead hero's substitute.

Again, my tale progressed. Ososweet, my heroine, was still locked up in the cuss's castle; the Copper Excavator was doing big things in view of the piles of money he anticipated his mines would yield him; and my hero had again fallen into the clutches of the robbers, who supposed he had baffled their first efforts to put him out of the way, as I had expected he would.

This time, to make the thing more sure, they conducted him to their cave, and lowered him into a deep, dark, dismal, dreary, dreadful, dirty pit, located therein, and left him there to die of starvation, as others had done before him. But he did not tear his hair in wild despair. Not much. He sat down, counted his money,

and took a chew of tobacco. In his pocket he carried a pick—a toothpick. With this he dug holes in the soft sandstone, which composed the sides of the pit. These holes served as steps for his hands and feet, and in two days he had worked himself half-way out of his prison. It was fatiguing work, and he was faint and hungry. But it was life or death to him, and he persevered. In another day he had almost reached the top; but his hands were blistered, his boots worn out, and his toe-nails broken off, except those on his great toes; and on these depended his life. If these were to break, his hopes, himself, and my tale would be dashed to the earth.

Another day had almost worn its weary length away, and he was making his last steps, when his remaining toe-nails broke off, and he came down, with the end of my hero and my tale. He had no more twin brothers!

Now, does anybody suppose that if he had been somebody else's hero his toe-nails would have worn off? Not a worn. He would have effected his escape, killed some forty-five out of the thirty robbers, and eventually married Ososweet, who would have turned out to be another woman's daughter; and our hero's father, who had "gone to rest" some years before his son was born, would have suddenly made his appearance, to bless the happy couple.

And—and so forth.

## Old Abe's Last Joke.

A friend has related to us the following excellent joke, and vouches for its truthfulness: A Colonel was dismissed from the service by order of the President upon charges of disloyalty. The Colonel, feeling that he had been grossly misrepresented by malicious enemies, secured papers from a number of our Generals and other influential men refuting the charges and requesting his reinstatement, and repaired to Washington to submit his case to the President. After the usual ceremony, an interview was granted, and the President received his papers, requesting him to call again in the course of a few hours, during which time he would give his attention to the case. The Colonel called at the appointed time, and was cordially received by the President and informed that his papers had been carefully examined, that the evidence they contained were satisfactory, and justice had evidently been done in dismissing him. The Colonel was thereupon reinstated. The President then put the following interrogatories to the Colonel:

"Now, Colonel, I have acted upon your case, and I know you to be one of my most bitter political opponents. I desire to ask you if you are convinced in your own mind that I am honest, and desire to do justice to all parties regardless of their political proclivities, and whether you believe that I have acted impartially throughout my administration?"

The Colonel replied: "I am prone to acknowledge that you have done me justice, that you are honest, and have always done what you deemed right and just in all such cases."

"Well, Colonel," replied the President, "You are evidently satisfied of my loyalty and integrity, and you have, perhaps, been wronged. I now propose to promote you to a Brigadier-General, providing you will allow me to fully test your loyalty beyond what papers you have produced. If you are a loyal man and a true Democrat you can surely have no objection."

The Colonel, as a matter of course, felt highly elated at this unexpected favor, and earnestly stated that he was prepared to submit to any requirements calculated to test his loyalty, and expressed his delight in complying with the demand, since his Excellency had shown such confidence in him, as to honor him with such an enviable position.

"Well, Colonel," replied old Abe, as a merry twinkle danced in his eye, "I promote you to the command of a negro brigade, and I hope that you will prove yourself as loyal as you are represented, and do honor to the high trust to which you are assigned."

The Democracy of the Colonel was violently jarred at this announcement, and, straightening himself to his full length, he replied:

"Mr. President, I thank you for the temporary pleasure you have conferred upon me in building up an air castle of such extraordinary dimensions, and thus sweeping it down with one stroke. While I admire the joke, I most respectfully beg leave to decline serving in any such d—n capacity."

## Beauregard's Greek Fire—Grand National Pyrotechnics.

The excitement of the terrified Beauregard over the National Pyrotechnics of that greatest of all Military Engineers, General Gillmore, betrays the imbecility of his mind. He ought to have known, not only that the composition of the Greek fire is utterly unknown, but that the moderns can make projectiles to which the Greek fire was mere moonshine. The fight at Charleston is between two Engineers. Beauregard is an empty pretender, but the Confederates have put him forward as their first Engineer. The Federal Government can proudly point to Gillmore as the ablest Military Engineer that the country has ever seen, and he entirely bewilders the impoverished resources of poor Toutant Beauregard. When the little Gascon saw fire-shells thrown five miles he screamingly utters his horror about Greek fire, and we shall not be surprised to hear that Beauregard thinks that Mount Ida is on Morris Island and that Jove is hurling thunderbolts from the summit of the mountain at the Trojans in Charleston. Alas for the paltry petarded Beauregard. There are a number of puppets in this city belonging to rebels which have been disgraced with the name of Beauregard, and we think it likely their name will be changed.

The Charleston rebels have scarcely tasted Gillmore's power yet. He has been playing merely an overture to the grand operatic performance that is yet to come. But Beauregard in his agony pronounces the warfare contrary to all civilized usage. When his army were executing the dead heroes of the Union

army at Bull Run and converting their bones into bracelets, rings, and drinking cups, the miserable rebel chief rejoiced in those saturnalia. He had nothing to say then about civilized war. Gillmore has as far surpassed Beauregard at Charleston as the Venetians did the Genoese, in 1380, at Chioggia, when the Venitians hurled artillery projectiles against Lawrence de Medicis. All Italy protested against this Venetian pyrotechny as a contravention of fair warfare. Macchievelli, in his Italian history, gives us accounts of battles hotly contested for hours between armies encased in mail, or warriors regularly iron-clad. We follow the lively historian in his thrilling account of military evolutions and surging charges, and at the end of the fight we learn that not a man was wounded, and the only deaths were among the bad horsemen who were driven into swamps and suffocated with their "martial robes around them." It is not, therefore, surprising that Italy protested against gun-powder operations that went through iron-clads and wounded men. But the world has got over its scruples about gunpowder, and Beauregard's vexed soul must succumb. Gillmore is his master and he might as well acknowledge it gracefully as to do it in a pet.

We mentioned yesterday that modern appliances go far beyond the Greek fire. There were various articles, undoubtedly, in the seventh century that went under the name of Greek fire. They were all known to Callinicus, of Hecropolis, the Greek architect, to whom we referred yesterday. Some of these were highly combustible, and, when on fire, were extinguished with difficulty. These were wrapped in flax, placed on arrows or javelins, and thrown into the fortifications and other works of the enemy. Of course the range was limited, but the Arabs, in their siege of Constantinople in 668, fled in dismay from these new missiles of destruction. But there were also explosive mixtures under the name of Greek fire, which were used for hurling stones from metallic tubes. Callinicus had undoubtedly learned something of the properties of saltpetre, and this was probably his chief ingredient in his explosive compounds. Their range was very limited, but they drove the Arabs from Constantinople.

The great articles of modern chemistry for terrible effects were utterly unknown until within a very recent time, and there is probably no engineer in the world as perfectly conversant with all these articles and the fulness of their powers as General Gillmore. The shells which he is using at Charleston necessarily require the combination of three forces, one of speedy ignition, another that rapidly imparts igniting power, and another of an explosive character. There are various means for making these combinations. Flax may be thoroughly saturated with tar and naphtha. This undergoes speedy ignition and is hard to extinguish. The igniting power is readily found in amorphous phosphorus, chloride of potash, and gum shellac. This preparation is used by Sir William Armstrong, of England, for igniting his time-shells. The explosive material is coarsely granulated gunpowder; and the Rodman powder is undoubtedly used by Gillmore in the shells that have to travel five miles to reach Charleston. The coarseness of the powder is graduated according to the space to be traversed, and Gen. Gillmore can time the bursting of his fire-shell with great precision. A shell of this kind is terrible in its ravages and very certain in its operations. We have heard suggestions that fulminating mercury, or something of that kind, is used, but this is a mistake. It will shiver a shell into fine pieces, but it would not ignite the burning material.

The Apostle Paul very properly takes the ground that a government that is a terror to evil-doers and a praise to those who do well is of divine authority, and is, on earth, the representative of God. All rebellion, then, in its most remote recesses, in its most secret retreats, may as well at once come to the conclusion that the fire which is now raining retributive justice upon it is not such a paltry thing as Greek fire, but a fire of divine appointment that will do its work as effectually as that fire which Elijah invoked from heaven upon the false prophets of Moloch and Baal, when the wicked falsities and perversions of Ahab and Jezebel had led the people of Israel astray from the Union that Jehovah had prescribed for the tribes, at Mt. Sinai. Divine vengeance fell heavily upon these wicked leaders. All the house of Ahab was destroyed, and Jezebel was pitched from the window of her palace, and in fulfillment of the prediction of Elijah, the Tishbite, "in the portion of Jezreel shall dogs eat the flesh of Jezebel," for when the soldiers of Jehu went to bury her, nothing was found of her but her skull and her feet and the palms of her hands. Some gloomy memories of this exhibition of Divine vengeance may have caused the rebel press recently to advocate the entire extermination of dogs from the "Confederacy." The leaders may well tremble in their shoes. Their doom is approaching. [Louisville Journal.]

THE SMITHS.—John Smith—plain John Smith—is not very high sounding; it does not suggest aristocracy; it is not the name of any hero in die-away novels, and yet is good, strong and honest. Transferred to other languages it seems to climb the ladder of respectability. Thus, in Latin, it is Johannes Smithus; the Italian smooths it off into Giovanni Smith; the Spaniards render it Juan Smithus; the Dutchman adopts it as Hans Schmidt; the French flatten it out into Jean Smeets; and the Russian smoozes and barks Jouiof Smittowski. When John Smith gets into the tea trade at Canton, he becomes Jahon Schimmit; if he clambers about Mount Hecla, the Icelanders say he is Jahne Smithson; if he trades among the Tasarores, he becomes Ton Qua Smitha; in Poland he is known as Iran Schmittowski; should he wander among the Welsh mountains, they talk of Jihon Schmidt; when he goes to Mexico he is booked as Jontia F'Smitti; if of classic turn he lingers among Greek ruins, he turns to Ion Smikton; and in Turkey he is utterly disguised as Yeo Seef.

The late anti-enrolment and anti-nigger mob in New York attacked a number of Chinese, being assured by their leaders that a Chinamux is only a modified nigger.

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